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# D E B O R A H. K

## S A C R E D D R A M A.

DEBORAH,  
BARAK,  
ABINAM,  
SISRA,  
JAIL.  
First Israelite Woman,

Second Israelite Woman,  
Third Israelite Woman,  
Chief Priest of the Israelites,  
Chief Priest of Baal.  
Chorus of Priests and Israelites.  
Chorus of the Priests of Baal.

### PART I. SCENE I.

Deborah, Barak, Israelites, Officers, and Chorus  
of Israelite Priests.

#### GRAND CHORUS.

IMMORTAL Lord of earth and skies,  
Whose wonders all around us rise;  
Whose anger, when it awful glows,  
To swift perdition dooms thy foes:  
O grant a leader to our host,  
Whose name with honour we may boast;  
Whose conduct may our cause maintain,  
And break our proud oppressors chain.

#### RECITATIVE.

Deb. O Barak, favour'd of the skies!  
O son of Abinoam rise!

Heaven, by thy arm, his people saves,  
And dooms our tyrants for our slaves.

Bar. O Deborah! with wife prediction bless'd,  
To whom futurity stands forth confess'd,  
Will Heaven on me a gift so great bestow,  
And grace the meanest of his servants so!

#### DUET.

Bar. Where would thy ardours raise me!  
How shall I soar to fame!  
Will then my conduct praise me,  
And thus adorn my name!

Deb. Trust in the God that fires thee,  
To vindicate our laws;  
Act now, as he inspires thee,  
Thou shalt revive our cause.

#### CHORUS.

Forbear thy doubts! to arms! away!  
Thy God commands, do thou obey.

#### RECITATIVE.

Bar. Since heav'n has thus it's will express'd,  
Submission, now, becomes me best:  
But, ere we stand in arms array'd,  
O prophets, implore his aid!  
And let uniting Judah join,  
To supplicate the Power Divine.

#### The INVOCATION.

Deb. By that adorable decree,  
That chaos cloath'd with symmetry?  
By that resistless power that made  
Resplendent brightness start from shade;  
That still'd contending atoms strife,  
And spoke creation into life;  
O thou supreme transcendent lord!  
Thy succour to our cries accord.

#### CHORUS.

O hear thy lowly servants prayer!  
And grant them thy propitious care!

#### RECITATIVE.

Deb. Ye sons of Israel, cease your fears,  
Jehovah your petition hears:  
The impious chief of Canaan's host,  
Who made our fall his daring boast,  
Shall perish on the crimson sand,  
Ignobly, by a woman's hand.

#### CHORUS.

O blast, with thy tremendous brow,  
The tyrants that insult us now.

#### RECITATIVE.

Bar. To whomsoever his fate the boaster owes,  
My breast no pangs of pining envy knows.

Thy lovely sex, O Deborah! may claim  
Equal prerogative with man in fame;  
And none, but savage breasts alone,  
Their charming merit can disown.

A I R.

How lovely is the blooming fair,  
Whose beauty virtue's laws refine!  
She well may claim our softest care,  
For sure she almost seems divine.

SCENE II.

Enter Jael.

Jael. O Deborah! where-e'er I turn my eyes,  
Grim scenes of war in all their horrors rise.  
O grant me; in my green retreat,  
Where solitude has fix'd her seat,  
To live in peace; sequester'd far  
From dire alarms and sanguine war.

Deb. Hear me then, Jael! let no fear  
Of proud hostility thy peace impair;  
For heaven has made thee it's peculiar care.  
Thy virtue, ere the close of day,  
Shall shine with such a bright display,  
That thou shalt be by all confess'd,  
Thy sex's pride divinely bless'd.

A I R.

Choirs of angels, all around thee  
Watchful wait, in radiant throngs;  
No oppression shall confound thee,  
Thou art guarded from all wrongs.

RECITATIVE.

Jael. My transports are too great to tell;  
On the dear theme I could for ever dwell.  
God does not only condescend  
My life from danger to defend,  
But keeps for me such joys in store,  
Ambition could not ask for more.

A I R.

To joy he brightens my despair,  
No rising pang my peace controul;  
He guards me with a father's care,  
And pours his mercies on my soul.

SCENE III.

Abinoam, Deborah, Barak, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Abin. Barak, my son; the joyful sound  
Of acclamations all around,  
Gives me to know the glorious weight of cares,  
God for thy fortitude prepares.  
Swift may thy virtue Judah's hopes out-run,  
And make thy father boast of such a son.

A I R.

Awake the ardour of thy breast,  
For victory, or death; prepare;  
Let all thy virtue shine confess'd,  
And leave the rest to heaven's care:  
Should conquest crown thee in the field,  
Be humble; or, if death's thy doom,  
Thy life with resignation yield,  
And crowds will envy thee thy tomb.

RECITATIVE.

Bar. I go, where heaven and duty call,  
Prepar'd to conquer, or to fall.

A I R.

All dangers disdainings  
For battle I glow;  
Our glory maintaining,  
I'll rush on the foe.

The death all around me,  
Stalks dreadfully pale,  
No fear shall confound me,  
My cause will prevail.

CHORUS.

Let thy deeds be glorious,  
And thy right-hand victorious.

SCENE IV.

Enter Herald from the Camp of Sisera.

Her. My charge is to declare  
From Sisera, a name renown'd in war,  
That he with indignation knows,  
How you presume to be his foes:  
Yet such compassion in his bosom reigns,  
That ere he galls ye with redoubled chains,  
He condescends to offer these your chiefs  
An interview, that he may learn your griefs;  
And the sad waste of human blood to save,  
Will grant you all that slaves may dare to crave.

Bar. Proud infidels!—Go, let the boaster hear,  
He breathes no wrath we condescend to fear:  
Tell him, besides, that Judah now prepares  
For interview, or battle, as he dares!

A I R.

Hateful man; thy raptur'd mind  
Vainly swells with proud disdain:  
Know, that soon thy land shall find,  
Vain her trust, her triumphs vain.

SCENE V.

Deborah, Barak, Abinoam, &c.

Deb. Let him approach pacifick, or in rage;  
We in the cause of liberty engage.

Bar. Whilst that bright motive in our bosoms  
We dread no menace, and we shun no foes. [glows]

Deb. Despair all around them  
Shall swiftly confound them,  
Whilst transports of joy  
Our praise shall employ.

A I R.

Cease, O Judah, cease thy mourning,  
See the days of bliss returning,  
Yield your hearts to cheerful praise;  
Tell in songs the joyful story,  
Give to God alone the glory,  
Whence you boast your happy days.  
Hallelujah.

## PART II. SCENE I.

Deborah, Barak, Abinoam, Jael, Israelite Women, Chorus of Israelite Priests, and Sisera attended by a Chorus of the Priests of Baal.

Chorus of Israelite Priests.

SEE the proud chief advances now,  
With sullen march and gloomy brow:  
Jacob, arise! assert thy God!  
And scorn oppression's iron rod!

SCENE II.

Enter Sisera.

RECITATIVE.

Sis. That here rebellious arms I see,  
Proud Deborah, proceeds from thee!  
But wouldst thou, yet, thy vain ambition cease,  
Whilst our affronted mercy offers peace,  
Bow down submissive, ere th' impending blow  
Lays thee and all thy lost associates low.

A I R.

At my feet extended low,  
Favour by thy tears engage:  
Or thou soon shalt, trembling, know,  
Slighted mercy turns to rage.

RECITATIVE.

*Deb.* Go frown, Barbarian, where thou'rt fear'd!  
None, but our God, is here rever'd!  
Our breaths his inspiration warms,  
To vindicate our cause by arms;  
And, to thy ruin, thou shalt know  
What 'tis to find that God thy foe.

A I R.

In Jehovah's awful sight,  
Haughty tyrants are but dust:  
Those who glory in their might,  
Place in vanity their trust.

RECITATIVE.

*Sis.* Yes, how your God in wonders can excel,  
Your low captivity demonstrates well.

A I R.

Tho' you boast the wondrous story,  
Of your God's transcendent glory,  
Has he freed you from our chain?  
Think, O think, to your confusion,  
All you trust in is illusion,  
All your flattering hopes are vain!

A I R.

*Bar.* Impious mortal, cease to brave us,  
Great Jehovah soon will save us,  
And his time we wait with pleasure:  
All his people he'll defend,  
And on their oppressors send  
Plagues and vengeance without measure.

RECITATIVE.

*Chief Priest of Baal.* Behold the nations all around,  
What God like Baal is renown'd?  
To him your stubborn tribes would bow,  
Did but the slaves their duty know.

Chorus of Baal's Priests.

O Baal! Monarch of the skies!  
To whom unnumber'd temples rise!  
From thee the sun immensely bright,  
Receiv'd his radiant robes of light:  
By thee with stars the heavens glow,  
The ocean swells, and rivers flow;  
The vales with verdure are array'd,  
The flowers perfume, the thickets shade:  
And 'tis, by the event, confess'd  
Thy votaries alone are blest'd.

RECITATIVE.

*Chief Priest of Israel.* No more! ye infidels, no  
False is the God whom ye adore; [more!  
A dull, brute idol, whose detested shrine,  
None, but such wretches, can believe divine.

Chorus of Israelites, &c.

Lord of eternity! who hast in store  
Plagues for the proud, and mercy for the poor;  
Look down! look down! from thy celestial  
throne,  
And let the terrors of thy wrath be known!  
Plead thy just cause, thy awful power disclose,  
Avenge thy servants, and confound their foes.

RECITATIVE.

*Deb.* By his great name, and his alone, [To Sisera  
Whose deity ye dare disown, and his Priests

Whose kindled wrath ye soon shall know,  
Will prove him a tremendous foe;  
Fly, I conjure ye, from this place,  
Too sacred for a throng so base!  
*Sis.* We go, but ye shall quickly mourn,  
In tears of blood, our dire return.

A I R.

*Sis.* Hence I hasten, then fear for thy danger;  
Do thou tremble to see me offended;  
He who sports with a sovereign in anger,  
With terrors must still be attended.

RECITATIVE.

*Chief Priest of Israel.* Away! unhallow'd slave  
away!

Your presence here defiles the day.

[Enter Sisera and Priests of Baal]

*Bar.* Great prophets! my soul's on fire,  
To execute the ardours you inspire;  
O that the fight were now begun!  
My father should not blush to call me son.

A I R.

In the battle, fame pursuing,  
We'll with slaughter float the plains:  
And our tyrants, low in ruin,  
Soon shall wear their captive chains.

RECITATIVE.

*Abin.* Thy ardour warms the winter of my age,  
It's weakness strengthens, and it's pains assuage.  
And well dost thou our impious foes deride;  
Justice is thine, and God is on thy side.

A I R.

Swift inundation,  
Of desolation,  
Pour on the nation  
Of Judah's foes.  
Can fame delight thee?  
Can Heaven incite thee?  
They now invite thee  
To end our woes.

RECITATIVE.

*Deb.* Now, Jael, to thy tent retire,  
Our bosoms for the battle fire:  
But know thy solitude will thee supply,  
With glory that shall never die.

A I R.

*Jael.* O the pleasure my soul is possessing,  
At the prospect of mercies so dear!  
May my bosom be ever expressing,  
With what rapture my God I revere!

RECITATIVE.

*Deb.* Barak, we now to battle go,  
And rush with ruin on the foe.

D U E T.

*Deb.* Smiling freedom, lovely guest,  
Balm source of softest joy;  
Mortals, by thy aid, are blest  
With such charms as never cloy.

*Bar.* Thy dear presence to obtain  
(Sweetly soothing every care)  
Who would dread the hostile plain?  
Who each danger would not dare?

C H O R U S.

The great King of kings will aid us to-day,  
His praises let all with transport display.



## PART III. SCENE I.

*A Grand Military Symphony.*

*Enter Deborah and Barak, with the victorious Army of the Israelites, return'd from the Pursuit of the Canaanites, and attended with the Israelite Women. Chorus of Israelite Priests, and Captives, among whom are the Priests of Baal.*

*Chorus of Israelites.*

**N**OW the proud insulting foe,  
Prostrate in the dust lies low;  
Broken chariots, hills of slain,  
Load the wide-extended plain.

## RECITATIVE.

*Deb.* The haughty foe, whose pride to heaven  
did soar,  
Is fall'n, is fall'n, and Canaan is no more.

*A I R.*

Now sweetly smiling peace descends,  
And waves her downy wings;  
Each blessing in her train attends,  
Each joy around her springs.

## SCENE II.

*To them Abimelech.*

*Abim.* My prayers are heard, the blessings of this  
day,

All my past cares and anguish well repay.  
The soldiers to each other tell,  
My Barak has perform'd his duty well.

*Bar.* My honour'd father!

*Abim.* O my son! my son!  
Well has thy youth the race of honour run.

*A I R.*

Tears, such as tender fathers shed,  
Warm from my aged eyes descend,  
For joy to think, 'when I am dead,  
My son will have mankind his friend.

## SCENE III.

*To them Jael.*

## RECITATIVE.

*Jael.* O Deborah! our fears are o'er,  
Proud Sisera is now no more.

*Chorus of Baal's Priests.*

Doleful tidings, how ye wound?  
Despair and death we in that sound.

*A I R.*

Our fears are now for ever fled,  
Our eyes no more shall flow;  
Swift vengeance has laid low the head  
Of our impetuous foe.

## RECITATIVE.

*Bar.* I saw the tyrant breathless in her tent;  
Her arm his soul to endless darkness sent.  
But see, the glad assembly wait to know,  
How thou didst rid them of so fierce a foe:  
Already thou hast told it me;  
But the relation will please more from thee.

*Jael.* When from the battle that proud captain  
Vengeance divine, to my pavilion, led, *(led,*  
The trembling fugitive, who, pale with care,  
Besought me, panting, to conceal him there:

Plaming with thirst, and anguish in his look,  
He ask'd for water from the limpid brook,  
But milk I gave him in a copious bowl;  
With ecstasy he quaff'd, and cool'd his soul.  
And then, with his laborious sight oppress'd,  
In some few moments he sunk down to rest.  
Then was I conscious, Heav'n, that happy hour,  
Had plac'd the foe of Judah in my power:  
The workman's hammer and a nail I fix'd,  
And, whilst his limbs in deep repose he cas'd,  
I thro' his bursting temples forc'd the wound,  
And riveted the tyrant to the ground.

*Deb.* If, Jael, I aught divine,  
When men hereafter would proclaim,  
All that is noble by one name,  
O Jael, they will mention thine!

*A I R.*

Tyrant, now no more we dread thee,  
All thy insolence is o'er;  
Justice to thy ruin led thee,  
Thou art fall'n to rise no more.

## RECITATIVE.

*Deb.* If, Jael, I aught divine,  
When men hereafter would proclaim,  
All that is noble by one name,  
O Jael, they will mention thine!

*A I R.*

The glorious sun shall cease to shed  
His beamy treasure from the skies;  
And merit shall be virtue's dread,  
Where'er thy bless'd memorial dies.

## RECITATIVE.

*Bar.* May heav'n, with kind profusion, shed  
It's chosen joys on Jael's head!

*A I R.*

Low at her feet he bow'd, he fell,  
And laid in dust his haughty head;  
And late posterity shall tell,  
That where he bow'd he fell down dead.

## RECITATIVE.

*Deb.* O great Jehovah! may the foes  
Thus perish who thy laws oppose.  
But O let all, who love thy praise,  
And dedicate to thee their days,  
Shine like the sun immensely bright,  
When forth he marches in his might,  
To run his radiant race of light.

## DUET.

*Deb.* I'll proclaim the wond'rous story  
Of the mercies I receive,  
From the day-spring's dawning glory,  
Till the fading-day of Eve.

*Jael.* All the blessings Heaven is lending,  
We'll defend our grateful lays;  
To his radiant throne ascending,  
Wafted on the wings of praise.

*Barb.* In exalted rapture joining,  
We'll employ our happy days;  
All our grateful pow'r combining  
To declare his endless praise.

## CHORUS.

Let our glad songs to heaven ascend,  
For Judah's God is Judah's friend.

*Hallelujah*